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Around Town.

That is a grave complication in London. Very serious troubles have been provoked in many countries by smaller causes for hate and blows. It is of little importance whether the Conservatives violated the law in keeping those names upon the list, so long as the Grits charge and honestly believe themselves the victims of an atrocity. It will not constitute a justification of the Tory procedure, even should the Supreme Court declare those names to represent qualified voters, because, had the disputed names been Grit instead of Tory, then Hyman's friends might have appealed to the Court of Appeal, the Supreme Court—yes, the Court of Heaven—but not one such Grit name would have been printed in the list. Suppose by a higher knowledge of law or a greater liberty to consider equities the Supreme Court should decide that all the disputed votes were genuine, I repeat that the iniquity of the thing

sentative.

Until the Reform party cultivates a little more self respect and ceases to coax the country to follow it beggar-fashion to Washington, I can wish it no better success than it is receiving in these bye-elections. I begrudge it even the small and disheartened representation it has in Ottawa, for after a terrible crushing it may penitently resume its old and faultless faith. But while I feel pleasure in the success of the Government I want to see it win through the spirited Canadianism of its policy and not through the diabolical aid of a Franchise swindle. In all calmness and honesty these words are written and no tamer ones will suffice. A man need not be a Grit to condemn the Dominion Franchise Act; he need only be an honest man. The duty of uprising against that franchise law should not become the privilege of Reformers alone, but of all citizens, because the rights of all citi-

on the municipalities or upon its own officials the task of collecting and classifying the names of all qualified voters, even though without their cognizance, so that the way will be smoothed for them in discharging the supreme function of freemen. If honest men who are fully occupied with their labor, whether it be in cultivating the soil or pounding the anvil or flourishing the pen, but who in any occupation are true to the country and prompt with their taxes—if these men are deprived of their votes either by deliberate fraud or by the technicality of a vicious law, then some penalty should rest upon those who commit the fraud or upon the Government that passes the vicious law. Any law is vicious and subversive of those good principles whereby we fain to rule ourselves, that conspires to throw upon the individual the responsibility of guarding his own voting privilege from year to year. While property qualification continues it must remain a practice for those whose eligibility is doubtful to

do with the details of government. As an independent, who knows that there are hundreds of the same sort in every riding, I want to know why our unorganized numbers should be disfranchised because the heelers of both parties are afraid to enroll our names? As for me, I am very thankful to a party canvasser who, overtaking me in suggestive company, secured my name and undertook to have it enrolled. I hope he succeeded, for on that nameless youth my right to vote depends. Why should it be so? If he had not blundered upon me while searching for another man whose liver he was familiar with, I certainly would have had no vote, and if he did not like the way I combed my hair he may have disfranchised me with a stroke of his lead pencil when he turned the corner. I have a right to vote, let me comb my hair any way I darn please, and should not be required to consult the whim of any fastidious school-boy. There were undoubtedly countless thousands in To-

millions of public money which have been misused in its maintenance are so many sums wrongfully appropriated to party ends; and of all the sums expended by the Tory party in its own behalf, no other was invested with so little profit to itself. The scheme was conceived, was hewn and fashioned for partisan advantage, but there is such a spendthrift outlay for such little gain that the Devil, its father, should blush at its clumsiness and make away with it. A Tory who regards politics as a sort of war in which a flag of truce grants no protection to the bearer, might chuckle with delight at the injustice to opponents embodied in the Federal management of the franchise, but he cannot afford to chuckle when he sees one hundred dollars laid out with no advantage to the country and with only one dollar's worth of advantage to the party. Even as a partisan, the waste of the thing should appall him. If such a man will not take high ground let him take low ground. If he has no



THE ARCHER.

is not diminished nor extenuated a particle, for the reason that the Tories polled those votes, whereas, had they been Grit, not one of them would have been permitted to reach the poll. And the name of justice and the majesty of law that is now invoked to justify the successful artifice of the Tory party, would under those other circumstances have been similarly invoked with perfect success to justify the withholding from the Grits what is now awarded to Tories. The gravity of the case lies in this, that the constitutional machinery of the country has been tapped for horse power to run the party engine. There is a peril, more serious than the overthrow of a party, invited by this bold practice.

During these bye elections circulars have been sent from Ottawa into many of the ridings, saying that every name on the list represents a vote and that any man who finds his name there can vote with a clear conscience and a cheerful cast, for his right to vote is beyond question. Taking this as a true interpretation of the law, that the presence of a name upon the list, no matter by what means it is first placed there nor by what means defended and retained, is conclusive establishment of the right to vote, it will be easily seen that if the Government starts manipulating things as it did in London it can grow fat and defiant of the great bulk of the people. If the ruling party will seize without compunction the many discreditable opportunities of defending improper Tory names and knifing proper Grit names, then government will no longer be truly repre-

zents are infringed—those rights are seized upon by the Government, and doled out to the people or withheld at pleasure. A great principle is made abortive, for instead of the Government being purely representative of the people, by means of a tinkered voters' list the people are to a great extent made representative of the Government of the day. This is a crime against we, the people, and I trust there is a limit to our patient endurance. The Government has a moral and a legal right to stipulate the property or other qualification of voters, but it has no moral or legal right to make invidious distinctions against any individual or group of individuals because he or they may be repulsive to the Government. It has a constitutional right to define the qualifications of a voter; then its moral rights permit it to do nothing but stand aside and allow the voters to express the will of the country. But we have been smuggled so far from safe ground that the Empire the other day rebuked the grumbling Grits of Elgin, saying that if they did not receive proper representation on the rolls it was because they did not display proper vigilance during the preparation of the lists. It was the Grits' own fault, you see.

Now I am not arguing from the Opposition standpoint, but from the standpoint of a citizen. Why should a properly qualified citizen of the country be required to display "vigilance" or find himself disfranchised? All talk about making voting compulsory is absurd while a man who wants to vote is forced to be mighty vigilant or be robbed of his privilege. It is the duty of the Government to impose up-

assume the burden of proof ere receiving a ballot for the first time, but this is the first and last duty of the kind the state has any moral right to impose upon the individual. If three hundred dollars' worth of property or the same amount of income is fixed as the qualification of a voter, then, so soon as a man secures a place on the roll his franchise should never be imperiled except by bankruptcy, lunacy or outlawry. When the state suspects a man has lost his property or his income or his mind or has made his bodily freedom forfeit to the law, he should be served with a notice that his right to vote requires defence at a certain time and place. Of course when manhood suffrage has ceased coqueting with us as it has been doing for years, and comes into force, then nothing should disfranchise a voter once registered except lunacy or outlawry. If manhood suffrage were given us along with the present method of preparing the Dominion lists, it could only be a mere mockery of its name. The change would simply give political fakirs a more venal class to drill and plunder, with an increased number of decent people to treat with injustice. The man who is ready to sell his vote is generally alert to see that it is not taken from him, because in losing it he loses a merchantable commodity often worth as much as a cow, yet requiring neither food nor shelter. To the average man it has no cash value and therefore he does not neglect his work to stand guard over his right to vote. Never mind, it is the party's business to look after that!

It is not apparent to me what the rival parties, as organizations of men, have rightly

done when the lists were recently revised, who, like me, had not the least idea where to go nor what to do in order to get a vote that should have been theirs and mine without an effort. Unless they called party heelers into requisition it is safe to say that nearly all of them are voteless. But the rival parties looked after the list pretty closely, you say, and most people are partisan. That does not matter. The citizen should not be forced to put himself under obligation to either one of the parties or be a dumb thing on election day. He should get his franchise from the state so that with a free mind he could use it against an unworthy party without being reproached for ingratitude and without fear of reprisal. He should be taught to look to Mother State and not to Mother Party for his undoubted, every-day rights as a man and a citizen. The system now in vogue breeds partisans instead of patriots. There is careful malice in the way we are hedged about with necessities for becoming partisan whether or no. The result is seen in the evil fidelity with which people stick to a party through all manner of scandals and come to think there is a virtue in abetting and furthering dirty schemes. It is "the party" at all hazards and "the country" when convenient.

That franchise law has cost the country millions of dollars since it came into force, and I fail to see that it has served any purpose except to give dishonest strength to the ruling party. It came unsought, for the people did not ask or expect it; since coming it has in no particular justified its existence. The

better message, no more virtuous counsel for his leaders, let him advise them thus: "Stay in power by fair means or foul. Manipulate the public funds with this laudable and patriotic object; build railways and postoffices where they will do the most good, but for goodness sake make every dollar tell. Don't waste on hundred dollars in cartage on one dollar of purchase money. Don't let it cost a dollar to convey a cent to the Grit heathen whom you seek to convert or to buy over to the true faith. Don't waste millions for the party on voters' lists that only do the party thousands of dollars' worth of good. Bribe, defraud, cheat, but do it up slick and economically."

Even such advice as that would possess merit and we could be thankful if it were given and accepted. The waste of money should arouse some of us to action; the injustices involved in the system should arouse others. I was twenty-four years of age before receiving a place on the roll and had an election come during the three preceding years, would have been a qualified adult deprived of his vote. Thousands were voteless in the last election either because they got no opportunity to register or were unfamiliar with the intricate routine prescribed. Oh, it is a great humbug. The worst of it is that a practice is established that successive governments may enlarge upon, until soon victories may be won, not by framing policies that suit the desires of the people, but by legislating ballots out of the hands of those who would use them against the ruling party. Should the Grits achieve power they may carry the law further, appoint

CONSTANCE.

By F. C. PHILIPS,

Author of "The Dean and His Daughter," "As in a Looking Glass," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

"I can quite understand your feeling of uneasiness as to Daphne's intimacy with the de Maupas family," said Constance to her brother-in-law, "but I do not see how it is to be avoided unless you leave Paris for a time. That would make a break."

"Daphne declares she will not go. I have already suggested it."

"My dear Gerald, if you make up your mind she will be obliged to go."

"And what sort of a life do you suppose I should lead?" Mr. Armitage spoke half comically, half in earnest. "I don't think you have the slightest idea what Daphne can be when she is crossed or thwarted. I suppose you would not take her back to London with you?" he asked, with considerable hesitation.

"Frankly, no, I would rather not."

Mr. Armitage sighed. "What do you advise, Constance?"

"I think that if you could take a trip to Monte Carlo, or to Cannes, or to some cheerful place where she would enjoy herself, she would soon forget her acquaintances here; but I do not counsel you to bury her in a little country place. In my opinion it would be rank folly. Interest her, amuse her, give her so much to occupy her thoughts that she has no leisure to look back. That is my advice."

"I will act upon it. I have been very anxious, Constance. There has been a lack of candor and straightforwardness throughout the whole affair that I can only account for in one way. Daphne did not wish me to know how pleasant the intimacy had become."

"I do not think much harm has been done," said Constance, with an attempt at consolation. "I am quite certain that at heart she loves you dearly."

He shook his head. He was by no means so well assured.

When Christmas and the *Jour de l'an* were over, Constance fixed an early day for her return. Not even to herself dare she confess how cruelly hurt she was feeling at Basil St. Quentin's studied coldness and neglect. He had not even had the grace to answer an invitation which Daphne sent him for the last night of the old year, nor had he sent a single greeting for happiness in the new. She could no longer persuade herself that it was accidental. For some reason he wished and intended to avoid her.

Calling at Madame de Maupas' with Daphne, she heard that he had been to the Rue St. Honore on the preceding day. He had leisure then to pay visits to strangers! Constance felt wounded to the quick. She longed to go back to London, and as Daphne had taken kindly to the Monte Carlo project there was nothing to keep her longer in Paris. A letter from Rebecca put the finishing stroke to her decision.

Miss Baillie had disappeared. For no reason whatever, so far as Mrs. Strangways knew. She simply walked out of the house, having packed her box the night before, and taking only a small handbag with her.

"Oh dear!" sighed Constance, "she is so terribly thin-skinned that all unwittingly Rebecca may have given her offence. I must go back at once—I wish I had never left home!"

And it really did seem as if her journey had been productive of but small results, although Gerald Armitage warmly pressed her hand at parting, and declared that she was his good angel and that Daphne was far more amenable to reason for her influence.

The tears were in Constance's eyes as she rested her head wearily against the cushions and felt thankful that her journey was begun.

Now to return to London and Clarges street. Full of glad anticipations, Emily made her preparations, and arrived with Eva early on the day appointed.

Mrs. Strangways was not at home, and there was only Dyna to do the honors.

Eva flung her arms rapturously round the old woman's neck.

"Now you'll have to tell me a fairy tale every single night, and two on Christmas Eve," said she. "And Dyna will practise that she would."

Lord Hardstock is going to show me how to cook an egg in his hat, and draw yards of ribbon out of a lighted candle. Won't it be beautiful?"

"Yes, miss." Dyna screwed up her face and took a quick glance at Miss Baillie out of the corner of her eye.

"Is his lordship expected, Dyna?"

It would have been more prudent to have kept silent, but it was beyond Emily. With all her heart she was longing to have all her glad anticipations confirmed.

"I believe so, miss."

Then it was true, really true. The color flew to her face, and she turned aside, but not so quickly but that Dyna saw it.

"Surely she's never a-setting her cap in that quarter," the old woman said to herself. "But there, she's got brass enough in that face of hers to make a kettle, and cheek enough to fill it. The saints preserve us! Who does she think she is, wonder?"

But Emily's joy was short-lived. The day before Christmas Eve Mr. Strangways turned back as he was leaving the room to say care-free to his wife.

"By the by, Rebecca, I quite forgot to give you a note from Lord Hardstock. He is prevented from coming to us to-morrow."

"Ah! precisely what I expected." Mrs. Strangways' tone was significant. "What did I tell you, my dear? I knew he would not come."

Eva at this moment created diversion by melting into tears.

"He promised to show me—" she began piteously, but her uncle patted her head kindly, and told her he was more wonderful than his lordship, and would entertain her himself, and nobody paid any attention to Emily, for which she was thankful, feeling as she did that she had grown ghastly white. The disappointment was so great. Somehow she had counted on this visit of Rupert's. It was almost more than she could bear.

Later on, as she sat in her own room, she told herself miserably that her lover must have known that she was in Clarges street and that it was a positive insult to act as he was doing. She would like to have rushed off in search of him, and if she had been at home it is more than probable she would have done so, but as a guest at Mrs. Strangways' house it was not possible. Christmas Day came and went, and anything more dreary poor Emily never experienced. Eva had eaten too many good things and was fractious and troublesome.

Emily's piteous little letter to Lord Hardstock remained unanswered. He had not even considered it necessary to send her a card of greeting although Mrs. Strangways and Eva had both received one. Emily was growing giddy.

Three or four days passed by, and at length she hinted that she was desirous of paying a visit to friends at a distance, and if not inconvenient would like to leave Clarges street about four o'clock on the following afternoon. "And you must forgive me if I am a little late," she murmured with a winning smile. "It is such a terrible distance to Richmond, and my friends have no spare room, or I would remain all night." Of course Mrs. Strangways said it was no consequence, and Emily departed the next afternoon.

"I expect Miss Baillie had too much mope pie," remarked Eva reflectively, as she watched her governess walk briskly down the street.

"Why?" asked Mr. Strangways, with whom the child was somewhat of a favorite, possibly because he saw extremely little of her.

"Because she's rather cross, like I was, you

"M's Baillie wouldn't be cross if you were a good girl, Eva," said Rebecca.

Eva played a bar or two on the window sill with her restless fingers, shrugged her plump little shoulders and laughed.

"Auntie Becky," she confided solemnly after a pause, "something goes wrong inside; it isn't a bit me."

Whereupon Mr. Strangways broke into a fit of noisy mirth, and his wife thanked Providence that she had not been blessed with a family.

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argued until Constance rose with an angry flush on her face.

"Please understand that my decision is irrevocable," she said; "under no circumstances could I reconsider it. I have no wish to alter my condition and prefer to remain single."

He pushed his chair aside and faced her, a curious expression about his mouth which puzzled Constance to decipher.

"I will never give up hope," he said between his teeth with dogged persistence. "I believe in fate and I am assured that one day we shall come together."

"Never," said Constance's heart. Aloud she said gently:

"At all events, in the meantime I may be allowed to have a mind of my own."

He bowed. A minute later the door shut upon him and Constance sank back on her sofa with a half laugh that was something like a sob.

"I am weak and foolish to-day," she said as she dried her eyes.

But she was something more than that, though she would not acknowledge it to herself. She was proving herself a true woman, and no wiser than the rest of her sex and grieving over the defection of a man.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Lord Hardstock had plenty of food for reflection, and to judge by his countenance his musings were not of the happiest. Constance's rejection of his offer neither surprised nor disappoined him. He had expected nothing else. He knew she did not love him, but he believed in the potency of the dropping water, and was willing to risk his time until the stone showed signs of softening. He was not in the least disheartened at the failure of the first attempt, and had both pluck and determination to try again and again, but he was seriously discomposed at the news respecting Emily. Not a word had he received from her since the night she had been to his rooms. Where then was she, and what was she doing? That he was at the bottom of it all, of course he was well aware. Whatever poor Emily's thoughts were, she was evidently in love with him. The girl could not have been so foolish as to destroy herself! No, he put the notion out of his mind at once. She was too fond of the good things of this world, of life and its pleasures; too solicitous for her own comfort to do herself an injury.

I suppose I shall hear from her in time," he thought. There was nothing to be done but wait, for he had not the remotest idea where to turn to look for her. She had no friends except himself. Of course there was that doctor fellow—Dale. Was it possible that she was with him? He admired her—had actually proposed to her, or she said he had.

Lord Hardstock drew a long breath. That would prove the happiest solution of the mystery, but somehow his lordship felt rather doubtful. He got a directory and copied out the address in case he might require it. And when three or four days passed by, and still there was no news of the stray lamb, he went over to Kensington and boldly walked up to the surgery door and rang the bell. As it chanced, Dr. Dale opened it himself, being in the act of going out. Seeing a gentleman standing there, he at once asked him to come in.

The two men stood facing each other. He was resting, she was walking down the opposite side of the street feeling lonely and miserable enough. With her own hand she had severed the link that held her to the world in which her lover dwelt. She had only herself to thank for it.

As she thought thus a man coming in the opposite direction looked quickly into her face, passed, hesitated, scrutinized her more closely, turned and would have accosted her, but that she quickened her footsteps.

It was Dr. Dale. He was puzzled. What on earth was there about this woman, evidently of the lower classes, to remind him of Emily Baillie? It was absurd. And with a smile at his own folly he continued his way.

But Emily did not breathe freely until she was half a mile away.

Then she got into an omnibus and went back to her room.

"The game is up," she told herself. "And now I must manage to wriggle out of the scrape I have got myself into as best I can." She tore off her wig, removed sundry

"Oh, Emily, if only I might be something nearer and dearer."

She shook her head, but she slid her hand into his and let it lie there.

"Make unto yourselves friends of the man of unrighteousness," was counsel which Emily never disregarded. She was wise in her generation, and knew that "great things from little things arise," and that it was folly to despise small beginnings.

Dr. Dale might be forgiven for leaning towards the belief that Emily might yet be induced to lend a ready ear to his wooing.

(To be Continued.)

Did She Marry the Colonel?

(Written for Saturday Night.)

"Patricia, you are either a fool or a hypocrite!"

The remark was not a pretty one, and addressed to a girl, it seemed really harsh, but Patricia Hembury smiled placidly at her brother as she leaned back in her chair and folded her hands in her lap.

"I may be both," she said, still smiling.

"Then Heaven help Braibard!" was his reply as he left the room.

The dreary curve of the girl's lips drooped into a weary line when she found herself alone, and a long sigh accompanied the words she uttered half audibly:

"And if yet she did not look like a girl of indecision, despite the shadows on her face, which told of mental worry and irresoluteness. The round, pink chin had character, undeveloped perhaps, but there for all that, and the forehead, though unseamed by thought lines, was an open and firm one.

Patricia had been engaged for six months to Gilbert Braibard, a young doctor, handsome and clever enough to win and hold the love of any sensible girl, and it was this engagement that was now causing her so much trouble.

Perhaps Braibard's reserve or matter-of-fact way of receiving her affection had cooled the ardor of Patricia's devotion, and she had begun to doubt whether her regard for him was genuine, or merely gratified vanity at being cared for.

After weeks of harassing perplexity she had determined to confide in her brother, who was spending his Easter holidays at the house of the aunt with whom Patricia lived.

She had proposed to him that she should ask Braibard for a year's abeyance of the engagement, pleading her own lukewarm state of heart, and the possibility of a change in her lover's affection also. This last argument had roused in her brother's mind a suspicion which found utterance in the words already recorded.

"You care for someone else, I suppose," he had added, half expecting her to repudiate indignantly a charge so unlikely.

A month ago Patricia would have answered such a question naturally and simply, but a sore conscience and a pendulous mind are very apt to put one's common sense on the bias.

"If I do, then my plan will be so much the better," she replied.

"There!" and with one last energetic pat on the square envelope to fix the stamp, the important letter was dropped into the postoffice box, and Patricia walked slowly up the narrow street in Bracillif, an odd sensation of loneliness in her heart, but yet relieved and almost glad as she saw before her a whole year of freedom. For she knew perfectly well that Gilbert would not indulge in heroics; he would let her have her way, and if she hurt him he would not cry out.

The answer came promptly by return mail.

"You have been honest with me as always. I have never regarded you as bound to an engagement, though I believed that you cared for me. As for myself, I cannot help loving you and would not, if I could. A year from now, say at Easter, I shall come to you and then I trust that we may understand one another better." The writer then went on to speak of indifferent matters—of the weather, of his work, and at the close asked Patricia to be hospitable to a Colonel Deek, an old friend, who would shortly be in Bracillif.

The letter piqued Miss Hembury.

"I wonder if he cares," she said to herself, slipping the letter back into its envelope, and then she added half-regretfully, "Letters are so horribly unsatisfactory!"

Patricia was full of intense emotions and she would not have felt very deeply had Braibard accepted an entire release with alacrity. She had not, and probably never would have, a passionate grasp of life as love and of love as life. Her affection for her brother was perhaps the strongest she had ever experienced, and yet, deep down in her heart, she felt that the love she gave to Braibard was not exactly what she knew herself capable of giving as a wife.

She worried a little over her decision, she burnt all her love letters, she transferred his photograph from her dainty toilet table to the family album, but, strange to say, the roses in her cheeks still bloomed, the sparkle in her eye was as bright as ever and her appetite could alarm nobody by its delicacy.

Mrs. Adams, the aunt, was far more concerned over the temporarily broken engagement than was her niece. She had taken Gilbert Braibard into her simple, kindly old heart and she pitied him for the pain she knew he was suffering. She could not understand the change in Patricia—till it was utterly without reason.

But to Patricia's brother the change did not appear so sudden or so excusable. In her letters during the past few months, and in several where remarks she made, he thought he could detect a new tone, and not one of a true ring. Comments upon a former school-mate's splendid match half-expressed wishes for more money and a good time, had shown him that his sister's mind was not rising to the high ideal he had always placed before her—the memory of the dear mother. Longing for wealth, and all that wealth can give, though natural and right enough in themselves, if indulged and fostered will push better aspirations into the background, and a great discontent had gradually grown up in Patricia's heart at the thought of settling down to a quiet life as the helpmeet of a country doctor—a life in which how to eat one's cake and have it too would be the one all-absorbing problem.

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

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The Independent Theater.

ROBALLY the near future will see the establishment of an independent theater in New York. This fact, perhaps, will not in the immediate future have any direct bearing on theatricals in Toronto, but if it accomplishes

what it sets out to do, it should indirectly influence the attractions for the continent. It has the supposed object of reuniting literature and the drama. This is a consummation which, if done according to the directions of the university lecturers who once in a while break out in eulogy of the past and sorrow for the degenerate present, is not devoutly to be wished. The usual weakness of scholastic critics is their failure to recognize the dramatic quality as a distinct entity. But few readers do not know that the dramatic "idea" is latent at least—in the minds of all. Most people have an intuitive grasp of the dramatic even although they may be unable to express it in words. Everyone dramatizes his own life, be he a thinking or unthinking person. It is the dramatist's task to seize on the dramatic spirit of a subject and by his art mould it into a form that shall minister to the dramatic in the appetite of onlookers. The unthinking onlooker will enjoy cheap effects and crude colors; the thinking one will trace the scenes so presented to their source, and he asks for deep and subtle effects; and so for him, the dramatist must call psychology to his aid.

Now the Independent theater of London, England, started out with a recognition of the dramatic "idea." But though they ostensibly catered to the thinking theater-goer, the psychology its directors administered was of a very peculiar kind. It was interesting enough, as a freak, to interest a medical student, but as a regular, everyday thing, the public grew tired of it and were repelled by its loathsome qualities. Ibsenites seem to suppose that dirt is all that there is to analyze, but the general thinking public are not Ibsenites, happily; and a three-fold analysis of all that is repulsive soon becomes monotonous.

An equal plane with psychology as an aid to the dramatist in making his work acceptable, stand literature and humor. If a play has no psychology but high poetic qualities it may possibly succeed; an instance of which is Hugo's Hernani. A play without psychology but with high humorous qualities, has strong chances of success, for humor appeals to all while literature to but a portion; the Private Secretary is a most striking instance of this fact. A drama with true psychology and with neither humor nor literature can also succeed as has Monbars. But with all these qualities must be united the dramatic quality; for it does not constitute the DRAMA itself! The New York Independent Theater is in good hands. Mr. W. D. Howells, Mr. Brander Matthews, and Mr. Frank R. Stockton have true humor, true psychology; and the position of literature to the drama will probably not be allowed to be unduly exaggerated. No instances such as Hernani, brought forward under just such independent auspices, are likely to occur. Shakespeare is the cry of those who vaguely talk of the weddedness of literature and the drama. But Shakespeare is first dramatist, then psychologist, then humorist...lastly a creator of literature. I will not deny that the literature of Shakespeare's dramas is that which makes them a gift to posterity, but does the university critic imagine that the populace of Elizabethan London patronized Shakespeare's Hamlet the more because they thought that it would still be considered the greatest of drama by the theater goers of centuries to come? Because every dramatist is not a Shakespeare should no modern cloth be seen on the stage?

The independent theater can do good work, but by no possibility better than that of A. M. Palmer or Augustin Daly or Daniel Frohman are doing. The directors must recognize that at least three or four qualities other than literary ones go to the making of a good play, and that first-class plays have been produced which entirely ignore it. A genius like Shakespeare is born once in a thousand years. Most of the modern plays which ultimately succeed have all his chief distinguishing qualities as a dramatist, but in a lesser degree. The times are not so degenerate as they seem. TOUCHSTONE.

The Drama.

SEASON of the legitimate drama goes with good relish in Toronto. Shakespeare still continues to draw, and houses as large as those of last Saturday, when Keene performed The Merchant of Venice and Richard III., are seldom seen.

A high-class repertoire calls for a high standard of criticism and it is to be feared that were Keene judged by the law as laid down by his master Shakespeare, he might be found wanting in some few of the requisites of a good actor. It is to be feared that Keene does at times "overstep the modesty of nature," and that there are times

when he might in his acting advisedly "acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness." But he is a conscientious and thoughtful actor, who makes his particular successes in "character" parts. His Louis XI. is a finished performance. When it is necessary that certain physical peculiarities which have a bearing on the impersonation must be maintained and he has not a great chance to be noisy, Keene leaves little to be desired. Perhaps it is more effective than artistic to speak in several tones of voice, but with a man of many moods such as Louis, one must expect many vagaries. One intelligent onlooker remarked that some of Louis' asides were surprisingly like nineteenth century wit, but it is probable that this nineteenth century has no monopoly of cynical old men. These same witty asides were admirably done by Keene; he did not make the mistake of making them obtrusive. His fine mobile face was also responsible for much of his success. On Friday night, in Richelieu, he simulated the infirmity of the cardinal with great excellence. Keene's tendency to overstep the modesty of nature is particularly apparent in his somewhat defective declamation, but Richelieu is, like Louis XI., a play so strong in good and dramatic situations as to carry a man with "character" abilities along with it, and in spite of its somberness is always acceptable. Both Richelieu and Louis XI., as plays, lack good, distinctive—or I might say, Shakespearean character-drawing, and one still retains one's allegiance to the great Elizabethan. Keene's Shylock was an unfinished piece of work. His vocal mannerisms, his tendency to rant, were less restrained than in other parts, but as his audience was largely composed of those to whom the theater is a rare bit of indulgence, "awful like sin," it was not a critical one. The hundreds of ladies and school-girls present at the Grand last Saturday afternoon went more to hear Portia say "The quality of mercy is not strained," and to hear Gratiano bate the Jew, than to pay much attention to Keene vulgarly played to the "gods," but found the "operatic" comedy (save the mark!) a thing of delight. TOUCHSTONE.

the most notable feature of the entertainment. Characteristic and other selections were rendered, including Ten Minutes with the Minstrels, Suppe's Morn, Noon and Night, and Auld Lang Syne, and met with immense applause. Thomas W. Keene also gave a brilliant rendering of the Forum scene from Julius Caesar, followed by the second act of the Private Secretary by Edwin Travers' company, and the furnace act from Master and Man. The well known comedy abilities of Harry Rich and W. E. Ramsey were brought into requisition; Messrs. Malchien and Currie did some interesting fencing; Mr. George Smeadley did some clever work with his musical instruments, and Messrs. Ambrose, Campau and McGoplin performed on the horizontal bar. The stage director was Bro. John Ambler, and the musical director was Bro. Will J. Obernir. The men responsible for the success were: officers J. Timson, chairman; J. Ambler, treasurer; John Woodburn, secretary; the entertainment committee included those already mentioned and Bros. F. Ambler, Charles Fairhead, George Hubert, Thomas Hutchinson, Charles Legge, W. E. Meredith and James Mathers; the two latter gentlemen looked after the printing. The programme committee was composed of: Bros. John Ambler, John Gowan, W. E. Meredith and William J. Obernir. The silk souvenir programmes were beautiful. The Toronto Lodge, No. 11, numbers sixty-five members, and the benefit was an interesting and profitable one.

As this column tries to live up to its heading and the writer confesses his limited knowledge of the intricacies of variety song and dance, readers will have to go elsewhere for a criticism of O'Dowd's Neighbors. I might recommend them to the high-class daily which thought Keene vulgarly played to the "gods," but found the "operatic" comedy (save the mark!) a thing of delight.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Rose Coghlan has introduced an innovation to the stage. It is carrying her own dressing-room. Her parts require her to change her costumes nine times each evening this season, and for that reason she has a dressing-room that is singularly well adapted to her use. It is made of white pine and canvas, carefully put together, and is carried in the reg'ar way with other properties.

I have reason to believe that there is a good deal of foundation for the whisper that the next production at the Lyceum Theater will be The School for Scandal. Mr. Irving will play not Joseph Surface—a part which he once successfully essayed—but Sir Peter Teazle. Lady Teazle will, of course, be entrusted to Miss Ellen Terry. The revival in question will not, however, be necessary for many a long month to come.

Apropos of the production of Lady Wimberly's Fan—for that is the title which Mr. Oscar Wilde has finally fixed upon for his new play at the St. James's—it may be worth noting that his Salome is to be produced at the Theater d'Art in Paris next month. It is in one act and in prose, a highly poetical dramatization of the story of John the Baptist. Mr. Wilde wrote in French from the beginning. It is very much admired by those who have read it, and the production of a French play of considerable literary pretensions is being eagerly looked forward to by artistic Paris.

Nat C. Goodwin writes: I have been accused of being a "burlesque actor," and the accusation was not made in a friendly spirit. Why should I be placed under that head, when in reality I have played but one burlesque part in my life—Matthias in Those Bells. I sincerely wish I had been more closely identified with burlesque, as the work is gratifying to a degree. But as the public does not understand burlesque, and as the authors will not write them, what are you going to do? Don't chide the poor player for ministering, as best he knows how, to the public's wants. And when you see an effort being made to advance dramatic art, don't condemn the effort by referring to the actor's method as "burlesque," for then you are paying him a great tribute.

Theatrical managers can well afford to pay expensive devirs to our Royalty, says Land and Water. Royalty does so much for the stage. Business always improves after a royal visit. If a piece were a commercial failure and the Prince of Wales chose to visit it two successive nights, and call for the manager and compliment him—facts which would be telegraphed to and used by all the morning papers—it would instantly become remunerative for at least a fortnight. Intrinsically the royal favors are themselves rarely the source of immediate profit. The fixed charge is \$5 for a box. If ladies are coming, bouquets at a cost of two and even three guineas are placed in the box for each lady. The Duchess of Edinburgh, visiting a theater that could be named, and discovering a splendid nosegay on the ledge of the box, instantly sent for the manager, to ask if that was an extra, and, if so, to give him clearly to understand that on principle she only paid for what she ordered. Her Royal and Imperial Highness was speedily reassured, and she graciously allowed the flowers to remain. Sometimes, but very rarely, when the Prince telegraphs to say that he will want the Royal box that night, there is a difficulty with the man who has already engaged it. During Mrs. Wood's reign at the Court, an American who had secured the Prince's box absolutely refused to surrender it. The management had to telegraph to Marlborough House, "Some other time."

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Varsity Chat.

N Saturday night last through the kindness of a friend I occupied a good seat in the pit at the Grand and heard Keene in Richard III. During the evening a speech was cheered out of him, and I took pains to note his remarks about the boys as follows:

Gratifying as it is to me to say how I have been received through the length and breadth of the British possessions, yet to-day I experienced one of the brightest moments of my life. I will tell you the circumstance. I had left the theater and had returned to my hotel, when I

was waited upon by from one hundred to two hundred students of the Institute of Toronto. I faced those boys! (Laughter) I have been calm in the presence of audiences that numbered thousands, but those boys got the best of me. (Applause.) I was so nervous that I could not command one sentence. However, I am in better form to-night. Is there any one of those boys here to night? (Cheers which showed that the gang was in the gallery.) I have been a boy myself. As they stood in front of me I said to myself, "I am looking upon a future age—upon those who next century will be the citizens, the philosophers, the scientists, the physicians, the statesmen of this great country." (Loud applause.) And to-night I thought, judging from their performances, there might be some opera singers amongst them. (Loud laughter.) Well, I can only say with Richelieu, "I love the young." One thing more I will say, the boys sang to me the accompaniment words of a tune I have heard the way from England and California. "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." I hope I am a "jolly good fellow." (Cries of "You are.") Well, I trust that with a little more hard work in the near future I will be a jolly actor, too. (Applause.)

Keene must be pardoned for referring to our University as an institute, for I do not suppose there are over a dozen students who know that ours is the University of Toronto. There is no such institution as Toronto University.

Mr. C. A. Stuart, B.A., '91, now lectures on medieval history. He has just returned from Columbia College, New York, where he was pursuing a post graduate course.

A pinch of salt from life:

Visitor—Who is that so nice and neat in his overcoat?

Student—That is a fellow.

Visitor—What is a fellow?

Student—A fellow is a person who delivers many lectures.

Visitor (with sarcastic humor)—Does he lecture with the overcoat on?

The following are the newly elected officers of the Knox College Literary and Theological Society: Mr. H. R. Horne, B. A., president; Mr. James Wilson, B. A., vice-president; Mr. John R. Sinclair, B. A., critic; Mr. G. A. Wilson, B. A., recording secretary; Mr. James A. Mustard, B. A., corresponding secretary; Mr. A. Budge, secretary of committees; Messrs. P. Menzies, J. R. Wilson and T. Sinclair, councillors.

Mr. H. Rushton Fairclough, M. A., in his lecture Saturday last on The Ancient and Modern Drama, pointed out that Antigone had been presented by the students ten years ago. The boys of that time must have loved Greek more than we do now. The lecturer pointed out that owing to its history the Greek drama sharply distinguished tragedy and comedy, yet the blending of the sad and the ludicrous is occasionally found, especially in the transitional art of Euripides. The imaginative flights of Shakespeare, one of the most characteristic features of the romantic drama, found their parallel in the Greek lyric choruses. From the point of view of Mr. Theodore Watts, in his analysis of poetic genius, the highest kind of poetry, that in which the poet is in the literal sense of the word a creator, is poetry in which the poet's self vanishes and "the divinity has seized his soul." That sphere of poetry is the dramatic, and of the world's greatest poets those who possessed the purest and most absolute dramatic imagination were Aschylus, Sophocles and Shakespeare, of whom Shakespeare was indisputably the greatest.

Mr. A. T. Lang presided at the meeting of the Engineering Society of the School of Practical Science this week, and a paper was read by Mr. S. G. Curry on The Heating and Ventilating of Buildings.

The medicals held their elections at the close of last week in the old building on Gerrard street east. It was a gay affair, for the occasion was the final meeting for the year, and the fun was fast and furious. Various dances were indulged in, songs were given and the piano was in frequent requisition. Dr. Ferguson, demonstrator of anatomy, has given a silver medal for the best essay from a fourth year man, and Mr. H. A. Bruce carried it off in the face of keen competition, by an exceedingly able essay on Modern Methods in Intestinal Anostomosis. Two excellent papers were read by Messrs. J. A. Wilson and C. E. Smythe. The officers elect are as follows: President, Dr. Wilberforce Aikins (by acclamation); first vice-president, Mr. F. Martin; second vice-president, Mr. C. E. Smythe; recording secretary, Mr. K. C. McIlwraith; treasurer, Mr. J. A. Williamson; curator, J. A. McArthur; councilors, Messrs. F. Blanchard, J. J. Williams, N. McKechnie, G. D. Porter.

Mrs. Ramsay Wright was At Home to the natural science students on Saturday evening last, and on Thursday Mrs. Ashley was At Home to the political science men.

The formal opening of the School of Practical Science last week was great success. As a notice of the proceedings appears elsewhere in these columns, I will direct my attention to the students clad in "blue jeans," who attended to the machinery &c., during the evening. The three testing machines, hundred ton, torsion, and fifty ton, were managed by Messrs. Goodwin, Alison, Laing, Laschinger, Fairchild and Prentice. The electrical apparatus, including batteries, dynamos, motors, etc., were in the charge of Messrs. Lea, White, Milne and Lash, '93. Messrs. Langley, '92, Flindland, '93, Keele, '93, and Ballantyne, '93, took charge of the element testing room. The system of water works appliances, including pumps, tanks, reservoirs, water-wheels, and dynamometer was managed by Messrs. Playfair, Smith, Ross, Mitchell, Thomson and Bucke, '93. Messrs. Anderson and McEntee attended to the indicators of the engines. Besides those already mentioned, Messrs. Goldie, Robertson and Hanly, of the second year, managed the planers and lathes.

JUNIOR.

His Belief Materialized.

Omar Ibrahim had been thinking heavily. Plucking up courage he approached his master, Mahomet.

"Right eye of the setting sun. Allah be with you," said he to the prophet. "I beg an increase of salary of ten dollars and five dirhems."

"Thou believest in the adage, 'Time is money,'" asked Mahomet.

"Verily," answered Omar.

"Then thou mayest work two hours longer each day."

Lent

For Saturday Night.

Adown the valley doth the streamlet flow,
Swept by the waters of the warm noonday;
Now prisoned, now from ice it breaks away
In dappled pools that in the sunset glow;
The led grass peeps through the gilded snow;
And on the hills, in shining malling stealed,
On Mother Nature's face, like scars half-healed,
The raw, red barences of the sand doth show.
The wind thro' the eternal pines doth sigh,
Whose mourning plumes are, at the valley's end,
Clear limned in black against an orange sky;
While over hill and farm and valley swells
The solemn music of the Lenten bells,
That with the streamlet's song their sad voices blend.

H. W. CHARLESWORTH.

At Dawn.

The angel of gloom is withdrawing her sable-fringed robes
from the night;

The angel of dawn wide is scattering the pearl-glistened atoms
of light;

The red harvest moon sinks from labor on a cloud couch of
sea-green and rose,

While over the eastern summits the first flush of waking
morn glows.

Soft zephyrs sit light thro' the meadows arcing the
grasses from sleep.

From the glances of rosy-eyed Phœbus, who doth from
the hazy hills creep,

The dew-drops shrink, shily coquettish, in the arms of the
wakening flowers.

The birds pour their opening chorus from the depths of
their leafy green bower.

The mists from the east are arising and in brightness are
melting away.

All nature rejoices to welcome from Orient regions the
day.

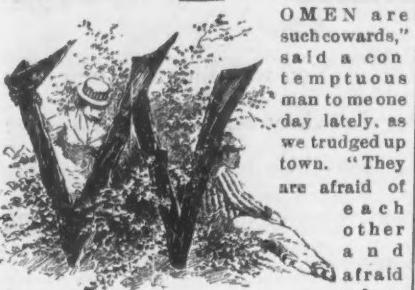
A. L. MCNAUL.

A Winter Roundel.

For Saturday Night.

Deep lies the snow where we met that

Between You and Me.



OMEN are such cowards," said a contemptuous man to me one day lately, as we trudged up town. "They are afraid of each other and afraid of a little work, and as for pain, see what a fuss they always make over it." He was big and strong, and, it seemed to me, stupid, but I thought I'd draw him out, because he might have a reason for being so far at sea about us!

"Please tell me what makes you think women are afraid of each other?" I asked very mildly.

"Well, I know they are. There's my married sister. She wanted to give a party for me this month, but after worrying and making lists and talking for two whole days she gave up the idea because there are so many strangers visiting our friends she hadn't room for our circle, and she was afraid those she omitted would take it out of her in some way." "Ah," I knew he had got me, but I tried again. "Well, women aren't afraid of work, anyway." "You aren't," he said kindly; "but most of them are. I was talking to my sister about some new scheme I had for our club, and she just said, 'Don't think of it. I could never take all that trouble,' and she hasn't a thing to do." I had nothing to say, but changed to my last question. "Don't you think they bear pain well?"

"Well? Why, last week my sister—" He paused and caught me grinning. "Now, what are you laughing at?" "At you and your sister," I said explosively, and I wondered how many men of my acquaintance rail at women when they mean one particular she, who has not been nice to their weakness or their waywardness.

This generation is not entirely money-mad, though I read not long since that a large legacy would ruin the principles of the best of men. And on the heels of this pessimistic deliverance came an experience which gave its flat denial to the ill-placed slur. As it has been already commented on in the public press, the episode of a rich man's death, an unsigned codicil, and numerous unsecured legacies to our city charities is familiar to the people who read the papers, but the beautiful illustration of the fact that legatees may have principles beyond the swaying of self-interest, which is given by the rich man's heirs, in their desire to loyally carry out his unfinished codicil, has put a dose of sugar in the cup of many a bitter soffier, and given one a greater faith in one's friends, and thereby, I ween, done more good than will even the bequeathed gold.

I am continually being asked by correspondents to give them a hint as to how they can make a little pocket money (that is, girl or woman correspondents). Here is a funny way in which a Parisian of truly French ingenuity makes quite a nice little income. He has a monopoly just now but the idea isn't patented, so far as I know, and might be worked for afternoon teas. Isn't it funny? His business card read thus: "Charles R'chon, imitator of nightingales, for gardens and restaurants." It appears that this artist is fully employed during the summer months. If the good Parisian bourgeois who owns a dozen square yards of garden gives a "garden party," Charles Richon takes his stand behind flower-pots or pomegranate tubs and thence produces warbles, such heavenly sounds, compared to which those of the famous nightingale of the Emperor of China are poor music indeed.

A funny little maid is small Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands. The other day she had forgotten to study a lesson for her English governess, and the stern teacher gave her little Majesty, as a punishment, the task of drawing a map of Europe. Angry and rebellious was the small potentate, and her way of expressing her feeling was so cute that it made me laugh. When the map was handed in for inspection the Netherlands proved to be a country of great magnitude and importance, while England was represented by as minute a dot as the pen would make!

There might possibly be a person who would read this column in a moment of absence of mind, and the following directions as to how to preach a sermon may be useful to him. They were spoken by an eminent Nonconformist minister, the late Dr. Litchfield, and are as follows:

Begin low;
Proceed slowly;
Rise higher;
Take fire;
When most impressed
Be self-possessed;
To spirit wed form,
Sip down in a storm.

The last line would have to be adapted to the practice of our English parsons who don't sit down—but the rest isn't bad.

It is a truth that when people do wrong they should be punished, just as surely as that when people do wrong they are punished. But sometimes they seem to get more than their share. I have been thinking this as I read over the English papers, with the long accounts and illustrations of the punishment of Mrs. Osborne for stealing her friend, Mrs. Hargreave's jewels. The weeks of torture and shame and exposure seem to be enough without the penal servitude. However, Mrs. Osborne has one jewel which she did not steal and which she could not buy, but which is worth more than all of Mrs. Hargreave's pearls, and that is a jewel of a husband. I have a sincere admiration for the quiet gentleman who has shown true love and immense grit in all this trying time, and who resents even the admiration his conduct evokes, with the remark that he has only done what any man would do. Captain Osborne has shown more courage and self-control and loyalty than he knows, and sad as is the occasion which called it forth, his conduct will do more to ennoble the man who watched him than will ever be known.

LADY GAY.

Individualities.

Ethel Mackenzie McKenna, Sir Morell Mackenzie's daughter, has a good reputation as a newspaper correspondent.

Thomas Nast, the cartoonist, is fond of horse back exercise, and may be frequently seen riding in the vicinity of his home at Morristown.

The founder of *Sin Francisco*, Jacob Primer Lees, died in a hospital in that city a few weeks ago, at the age of eighty-two. He had lost the large fortune he once made.

At an auction held last week in Boston, Poe's copy of *The Bell* sold for \$250 and \$55 was given for a gold locket containing a lock of Poe's hair entwined with one of his wife's.

One of the drawbacks connected with Queen Victoria's lofty station is the law that forbids her reading documents or receiving any letters except from her own family, until they have been scrutinized by the person in charge of the royal correspondence.

Lord Tennyson is said to be an inveterate novel reader, and when he becomes absorbed in an especially interesting story at night it is often difficult to persuade him to leave it to go to bed. He does not rise early, and breakfasts in his bedroom, taking a couple of hours' stroll afterwards before his lunch. He continues to be devoted to his pipe.

It is not generally known that the author of the famous jingle, "Little drops of water, little grains of sand," is Mrs. Julia A. Carney of Galesburg, Illinois. She was Miss Julia A. Fletcher of Boston fifty years ago, when she wrote the verses. They attained an instant popularity, but Mrs. Carney's connection with them has never been well known.

H. Rider Haggard divides his time and attention between his literary work and the duties of his farm. He usually gives the morning to the latter, and rarely begins his writing before four o'clock in the afternoon. He writes until dinner-time, and gives an hour or two of the evening to the same work, and even with this he usually produces three or four thousand words a day. He declares that he can complete an important work in six months.

Miss Angelina Brooks, whose knowledge of kindergarten methods has rendered her an authority in that line, has been making a study of the curb-stone children of New York. She finds that there are 141,000 boys and girls between the ages of four and six years who spend their lives in the streets of New York and never see the inside of a school. Miss Brooks is making every effort to kindle an interest in these waifs that will result in the establishment for them of free kindergarten schools.

The head of the railway department in Hungary wished to satisfy himself of the efficiency of the ready relief societies at Buda Pesth. He sent a telegram to the post capital announcing a railway collision one hundred miles away,

with a number of deaths and thirty seriously wounded. A minute before 2 p.m. the despatch was received. At 2.10 the central station of the "Ready Relief for the Wounded" had the news. At 2.20 their first ambulance, with dressings and nurses, was at the depot and taken on a special train. At 2.30 seven of their ambulances, with fifty "ready relief" people, bandages, stretchers and medicines, were taken away by the second special train. All of this was in thirty-one minutes.

The old apothegms that "hard work is happiness," and "genius is only continued patience," find an interesting verification in the career of Pasteur, the great French chemist. In his youth he is said to have risen at four o'clock in the morning to go to his laboratory, where he was accustomed to remain, with but few interruptions, until nine at night. The story tells how he was found in his laboratory when due at the altar to marry the rector's daughter, at Strasburg, is well known. Now, at sixty-five, he still labors over his experiments with unremitting eagerness, and with all the fine enthusiasm of youth. He has found it necessary, in his search for microbes, to gather a veritable menagerie of the smaller animals—rabbits, guinea-pigs, monkeys and dogs—about him.

In an unpretentious little flat, charmingly decorated, on East Forty-third street, New York, Lillian Russell has her pied à terre. Her drawing room, decorated in white and gold, is a confused mass of prettiness. Soft hangings of salmon pink and blue brocade silk drape the doorway by which you enter the little salon. Here the carpets, the curtains, and the numberless cushions enter into the same scheme of coloring. Dresden statuettes and candelabra decorate the mantelpiece, covered with white silk embroidered with gold. White and gold are the frames, too, of the water colors that adorn the walls; so is the Louis XV. writing-table, with the cabinet on the top of it filled with bric-a-brac, and the piano that stands in an alcove. A screen of old French tapestry separates from the salon the fair singer's bedroom, which is furnished in light oak, and beyond that a charming little dressing-room. Both these are hung with draperies of a delicate hue.

The late Duke of Devonshire was a man of old-fashioned ideas, and to his dying day was never able to comprehend the following incident that happened to him. One day a stranger called at Chatsworth, whose card was engraved "Colonel —," and who declined to state his business save to the duke in person. The duke had him sent up to his library, and bowed low when his visitor entered. Then he motioned the mysterious visitor to a chair, an invitation which the colonel did not accept. In fact, he stood bolt upright, and silently scrutinized the duke from head to foot. The strange behavior of the man began to grow embarrassing, and the duke was at last compelled to ask him to state his business. To this query the colonel replied by begging to be allowed to shake the duke by the hand, a request that was readily granted. Then he exclaimed: "Thank you, I feel extremely obliged to you. I have traveled some hundreds of miles to see a real live English duke, but I never expected to be allowed the privilege of shaking one by the hand. Thank you as much. If ever you should be in Arkansas, I trust you will allow me to again enjoy your society." Then he took up his hat and departed, leaving a bewildered duke and an awe-stricken household behind him.

LADY GAY.

New Orleans During Mardi Gras.

UL few sights are more interesting to a Torontonian than that afforded by New Orleans during the gay and festive season of Mardi Gras. The marked contrast in temperature alone proves a source of pleasure. Leaving Toronto in the midst of a blustering storm in February, one awakens the third morning after in a flood of sunshine and light, in the land of roses and fir trees, of vine and olives, of pomegranates and oranges. Nor does the change seem gradual, as it really is. The transition from winter to summer appears as the result of a wave of a fairy's wand. The country through which we pass is full of interest.

Down through quaint Kentucky, with its sterile ground and moss-covered trees, on past its picturesquesque station houses with their invariable crowd of idle loungers, the usual complement of "cold folks" and the same ponies with Mexican saddles hitched to the post in the distance. Any one who has read Colonel Carter of Cartersville, or Nelson Page's sketches, or Ogle P. Read's popular Kentucky Colonel, will recognize in the motley surroundings of a southern railway station the different characters that these and other writers have drawn so true to life. Still the train speeds on through Tennessee, where the mighty Father of Rivers comes into view with its flat bottomed boats and marshy banks! Perhaps none but those who have viewed these same uncertain banks can fully realize the extent of mischief of which this cruel Father is capable, when in the spring floods these marshy dykes prove slight protection against the mighty torrents that rush upon them, and frequently—as has been the writer's experience—there is the necessity to use a steamer, scow or "dug-out" to take the place of train and cart, to carry mails and provisions to those whose land is entirely under water, and it is no uncommon thing for these boats to pass between house and stable, over fences, and over corn-stalks and cotton plant, which a few months before were the greatest source of wealth to these regions. Nor is there any change in the surroundings till the low, marshy ground gives way to the wide expanse of Lake Ponchartrain, dotted here and there with dainty craft and pretty sail, and shortly after one enters the most interesting city on the continent, whether judged from an artistic, historical or pictorial standpoint.

First, one notices over every house and over every gateway roses of every color and variety, climbing and clustering till each street seems a triumphal arch. From every garden there rises magnolia and catalpa trees, while daffodils and jonquils nod their little heads, welcoming one to this strange new land. By this time one is fairly launched in this city of surprise and prepared for the marvelous that is said to surround Mardi Gras. But no amount of preparation can reconcile one to the weird and uncanny sights that meet the eye on every hand. Whence comes this little demon; this white-winged seraph; this knight, armed cap-a-pie; this clown, like a character from Shakespeare, who doffs his cap to the stately maiden, or the sober senator? With all the haze possible a stand is taken from which to view the grand procession which parades the streets with Rex, the King of the Carnival and his courtiers, mounted on cars or floats, richly adorned and decorated to represent some special character, which it is the King's good pleasure to suggest. One year is represented the Ancient Heroes; another, Elfs of the Sea and Mountain; another, the Roman deities, and so on, each season something fresh and inviting. It is no wonder their monarch is so popular, for his one thought is that his subjects may have unlimited pleasure while he reigns. Therefore as he parades, his rich throne being drawn with eighteen matchless steeds, he dispenses with a right royal hand his princely favors of bon-bons and flowers, to the smiling maiden who stands ready to receive his bounties. After Rex has made this parade the next possible stand is taken from which to view the grand procession which parades the streets with Rex, the King of the Carnival and his courtiers, mounted on cars or floats, richly adorned and decorated to represent some special character, which it is the King's good pleasure to suggest. One year is represented the Ancient Heroes; another, Elfs of the Sea and Mountain; another, the Roman deities, and so on, each season something fresh and inviting. It is no wonder their monarch is so popular, for his one thought is that his subjects may have unlimited pleasure while he reigns. Therefore as he parades, his rich throne being drawn with eighteen matchless steeds, he dispenses with a right royal hand his princely favors of bon-bons and flowers, to the smiling maiden who stands ready to receive his bounties. 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SECOND HALF OF A TWO PART STORY.

THE LUCKY PEARL.

BY J. H. CONNELLY.

CHAPTER V.

ON THE IRON LADDER.

The next day Wilbur Jocelyn found work as a sort of general helper in a machine shop. He cleaned rough castings, sometimes swung a sledge at the forge, or screened threads with die and tap, and occasionally was put to tending a drill-press, the action of which was almost automatic. The work was, as he had been foretold, rough and hard, and the pay was small, but his strong muscles never seemed to weary, and he was happy, because by experience and observation he was constantly learning. He had only been in the shop a little more than a fortnight, when one forenoon, while he was tending the drill-press, the proprietor and foreman chanced to stand near him while continuing a discussion upon some parts of a new machine in process of construction.

"That is the weak point of the machine," affirmed the proprietor, "for if they wear untrue it will not work, and the best steel you can put in will do so in a short time."

"I can temper it as hard as glass," suggested the foreman.

"And make it as brittle. That will not do. It would not stand the pressure and shock. It should be tough as malleable steel inside and as hard as flint on the surface."

The foreman shook his head as if admitting that requirement, but hopeless of meeting it; and the two men stood silent.

"Will you excuse me, sir?" interjected Wilbur, addressing the proprietor, "if I offer a suggestion?"

"Certainly. What is it?"

"I believe I understand what you want, and think you can attain the conditions you require in those parts by making them of good steel and then case-hardening them with prussiate of potash."

They stared at him a moment in blank surprise.

"Do you know how to do that?" asked the foreman.

"Not by personal experience, but the details of the process, which are simple, are given in a book I have at home."

"Get your book and bring it here, right off," ordered his employer; and he ran away for it at once.

The experiment, which was entrusted to him, proved in the highest degree successful, and not only relieved his employer of a serious dilemma, but created for him a better line of employment and gave him a new standing in the regard of all his shopmates. Fortunately, the foreman, instead of being a mean and jealous fellow, capable of hating a man for knowing more than himself, was generous, friendly, and seeing unusual ability in the young man did his best to push him forward in learning the mechanist's art. In a short time Wilbur found himself entrusted with a lathe for plain turning, and ere long became as skilful in its use as any of the old hands were. Even that difficult bit of adjustment, the accurate centering of an irregular form in the "chuck," seemed to come natural to him. His brain was always clear, his nerves steady, his muscles firm, and his attention concentrated upon his work; so whatever he undertook he seemed to do easily and well. Indeed, some of the old machinists could hardly be persuaded that he had not already learned their trade somewhere else, and for this inconceivable reason was trying to conceal the fact.

As soon as he was settled at the young mechanist left Mr. Bryson's hotel, and obtained, in a respectable mechanic's boarding-house not far from the shop, a room where he could have quiet and a good light for study at night.

The boarding house was kept by Mrs. Avery, a widow, who had one daughter, Samantha, a tall, gaunt, shy girl, still "in her teens," but looking older. Poor Samantha was not at all pretty, and her intelligence was not at all bright. Hard work and care had made her dull. Her freckled face was almost wooden in its lack of expression, her pale blue eyes always looked sad and her dust-colored hair ever neglected. Whenever she took her sun-bonnet off her hair would come tumbling down in disorder, or at least one ragged wisp would thrust itself out like a frayed and tattered plume from the careless knot at the back of her head. Mrs. Avery never took her sun-bonnet off. It was a general conviction among her boarders that she slept in it.

"Where the yuth hav you been at, all this time, Samantha?" asked the widow in a querulous tone, one forenoon, as she looked up from her work over the kitchen table, at her daughter's entrance. The girl moved in her customarily listless way—seeming to drop her feet in front of her and draw herself up to them instead of stepping out with them—across the room, and sank upon a backless chair at the end of the table, before replying.

"Up at Mr. Jocelyn's room, looking at his books, Masey! What a sight on 'em he's got! More's five!"

"Sho! What sort o' books?"

"How'd I know?"

"That's so. Any picters in 'em, just as n'r al life. I know it as soon as I see it.

"And there's steamboats. But most of the picters ain't real picters, but just lines, up n down 'n criss-cross all sorts of ways. Look like the chap that drew 'em had a notion 'give up' before he finished."

"Shouldn't think they'd interest him much."

"Then he sets up a studyn' over 'em, with his head in his hands n his elbows on the table every night, long after everybody has done gone to bed."

"How d'you know, Samantha?"

"I've climb up on the woodshed 'n looked at him through the winder."

Mrs. Avery eyed her daughter sharply a little bit, and remarked, in a somewhat sympathetic tone:

"I reckon you're kind o' soft on that young fellow, Samantha."

The girl did not flush nor giggle nor perk up and deny. She simply shook her head a little with a doleful slowness, and replied:

"He ain't lookin' at no gal like I be. He'll want one with edification."

"Edication don't make people good," sniffed the older woman.

"Maybe not; but sometimes I think it may make em happier 'n help 'em along some."

A few weeks of work enabled Wilbur Jocelyn to pay a very considerable instalment on his debt to Colonel Strouders, which he promptly did, sending with the money a characteristic letter. He wrote:

"FOR SURE: I includes part of the munni for which u so jenerousli alound me to becum ur detur. I wood send mor but hav a good chans to to chep a lot which wil inkres in valus as the town grow fast in the direchshun ov it. I thot u wood not objec to my using part to pa the lat instolment. I had stedi wut at far pa in a shop and shal do bett soon. Thar is not a da or our I do not think gratifil ov whar a start Mis Eunice help me to get along and as I hav lots ov tym to studi at nt y I am making progres. I shal by a book about kenelstria next Satards and takl that for I see it wil help me. Plez giv my best respects to Mis Eunice and so no mor at present from ur gratal and hartli welisher, Wilbur Jocelyn. Plez exkuse spelling if anil words ar not ry as I hav not yet had tym to studi that, but I no Mis Eunice man is ry. I kood not forget that."

It was not really so hard to make out after one got the trick of its instinctive phonetics, for the writing, though very clumsy and irregular, was quite plain; but the colonel soon gave it up as a bad job.

"Do what you can toward deciphering it, Eunice," he said to her. "Life is too short for me to waste what is left of mine upon puzzle,

But I'm very glad to hear from the chap and know he is going rightly, as I'm sure he is. And answer his letter for me. Acknowledge the receipt of the money, and tell him I hardly ever write—which is true—and say what encouraging things you can."

So she did, and said them so nicely that the colonel very bestly approved of her letter, and even went so far as to say it was much better than he could have done himself—which is a very great admission for a man to make under any circumstances.

CHAPTER VI.

TRAPPED BY FATE.

Some five months after Wilbur Jocelyn had been fully recognized by his employer as an ab' machinist and was in receipt of full wages as such, a "champion of down-trodden labor," one George Horgan made his advent in Birmingham. Beyond the ordinary fact that George came here, the secondary that he was looking for a job, and the tertiary that he put up at Brosnan's, his coming was not at all like that of our young hero. George was a good patron of the bar, not only while his money lasted, but afterward, as long as his eloquence on labor questions could procure for him thirsty and convivial auditors, and did not seek employment at manual labor until hard necessity compelled him. The work he wanted was that of a "walking delegate," to ferret out "scabs" who ventured to labor without belonging to the "union," and wanted men to support him. They informed him very plainly that his services were not required, and told him to either go to work, as better men had to, or "skip the town." Then, reluctantly, but thinking to earn enough to carry him elsewhere, to some town where a "walking delegate" would be in demand. George went to work as a machinist in the shop where Jocelyn was employed. But work was exceedingly distasteful to him, except as a theme. He was slow, slovenly, care less and even eager to drop out of sight to whomsoever would listen to him. Had there not been a scarcity of men could not have kept his place a week, even at the reduced wages he received, which were considerably below those paid to skillful and honest workers. That "invidious discrimination" against him he loudly denounced as a "crying injustice," and would have had the "union"—of which he was an unworthy member—make it the excuse for a strike, if he could. But they turned a deaf ear to his howls that "the wages of all should be the same," and bluntly told him he was getting already more than his worth. That was hard to bear, even with Brosnan's fluid consolation at hand, but was not the worst.

Never, he felt, had the iron entered his soul until he learned that Wilbur Jocelyn, "a mere boy, who had never served his time," was getting much higher wages than himself. Moreover, it was whispered about among the men that Wilbur had invented something, of which his employer thought so highly that he had backed its patenting, at home and abroad, and would probably go largely into its manufacture. At which the young inventor stood fair to become a rich man. George already blamed Jocelyn, whose sound reason and caustic wit had repeatedly overthrown him in argument during the noon hour—the only time when he could be drawn into a discussion—but these discoveries embittered tenfold the feeling of the would be "walking delegate." He did his best to have a strike ordered against Jocelyn's employment, on the ground that the young machinist had never served an apprenticeship, but failed. The "union" scoffed at him. Wilbur was not one of their members, they admitted, but they were willing to receive him, and did not doubt his willingness to join, if asked—which he promptly did, when invited, and so that matter was settled. George professed entire satisfaction, protested that "the good of the order" was all he sought, and rhetorically welcomed Wilbur as "a brother, but was a heart more malevolent than before. He would have picked a quarrel and done him bodily harm, if he had dared, but Wilbur Jocelyn did not seem to be an inviting person for the hostile intentions of one who knew himself so coward at heart. How to do the greatest injury possible to the young man with perfect safety to himself was the persistent subject of Horgan's cogitations, and his evil genius finally led him to believe he had discovered at him a secret.

Samantha Avery, late one night, descended from the wood-shed roof, where she had been for some time watching the patient student over his books in the upstairs room, and stood still, where she had "clomb down," in her usually dejected attitude, meditating, probably, on the great gifts "education" opened between human lives. She was near the shed door, at an angle, and some distance from what had been her point of observation. Suddenly her reflections were disturbed by the sound of stealthy footsteps near the gate and of some one fumbling for the latch upon it.

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Snatching up a stone her foot chanced to touch, she glided noiselessly into the dark shed to watch for the prowler, who, she readily divined, was there with no good intent, who ever he might be. In the obscurity prevailing she only made out the figure of a man, who opened the gate and climbed in the yard with hardly a sound. Evidently he had maneuvered his ground well, and knew how to go directly about what he had in hand. With scarcely more noise than a shade might make in handling a shadow, he drew from the roof of the shed a light ladder customarily kept there, carried it across the yard, and upreared it against the house wall, just beneath the sill of Wilbur Jocelyn's open window. All his movements were made with the skillful stealth of the practiced thief. Until she beheld the use made of the ladder, Samantha supposed she had only some patty-larceny person to deal with, but now she intuitively recognized the invader as a much more dangerous type of criminal. No matter; she had courage sufficient for any probable emergency, certainly enough to meet any danger that seemed to threaten Wilbur Jocelyn. She stepped out of the shed as the man's steps moved away from it, gripping in her right hand the stone she had picked up—no mean weapon for one who had learned to bring down fowling chickens with such missiles. Not until the man had爬上了 the ladder so high that she could discern him clearly, then she saw him raise himself and lift his right arm to a level with the shoulder, with something in his right hand that he seemed about to throw.

At that instant Samantha, with all her might, hurled her heavy bit of jagged stone at him, and fate made her aim good. The missile struck the thing in his upraised hand with a sound of smashing glass, and then landed on his head, knocking him from the ladder to the ground, where he lay howling in agony.

Jocelyn came dashing down from his room to learn the cause of the disturbance, and in a few moments a score of half-dressed persons were gathered about the screaming wretch, who was at once identified as George Horgan. The thing smashed in his hand was an open glass jar containing a quantity of vitriol that he had been about to shower upon the head of the young man poring over his book. Samantha's stone, however, had scattered some of the corrosive fluid over his own face, neck and hands, completely destroying the sight of at least one of his eyes, disfiguring him for life and inflicting the most horrible torture. He simple statement, amply corroborated by the evidence he himself presented, was conclusive proof of Horgan's guilt, and, but for Jocelyn's earnest opposition, the indignant crowd would have at

once finished him off with a rope. Reluctantly they allowed him to be carried away to a hospital, whence, as soon as he was able to do so, he fled to parts unknown, fearing a State prison as the penalty of his crime.

Samantha found herself a heroine, and conscious of the public eye upon her, actually did up her hair tidily, and seemed to take a more lively interest in existence than she had ever manifested. Wilbur gave her a hand-some gold watch, as a testimonial of his gratitude for her timely service, and by popular subscription a silver plated and duly inscribed water pitcher, which was ever after the crowning glory of the little boarding house parlour.

"I sh'd think he might take a shine to you arter them doin's," remarked Mrs. Avery to her daughter, one morning, in the kitchen. "Laws! No, mam. Him and weuns don't change our natures by an accident. But even if I know'd he'd forget it, the thought I'd saved him from harm would always make me hapier."

"You don't think you'd learn to read 'n write, 'n sort o' catch up, maybe?"

"No, mam. It's too late."

"I believe you'd rather that cuss had a flung that stuff onto you than onto him."

"Yes, indeed, mam; a heap rather," answered the girl quickly, with unusual animation in her face. "It don't seem like nothin' to stand off 'n heave a rock; but if I could 've been between 'em I saved him by takin' it all myself, that would'a been somethin'. He'd never forget that. That's all I'd ask, or even expect."

CHAPTER VII.

HOME AGAIN.

When there were no longer business reasons for them, letters continued coming from Wilbur Jocelyn to the Strouders, with much regularity. Perhaps the fact that the colonel habitually delegated to his daughter the duty of replying had some effect in maintaining the continuity of the correspondence. In all the pages exchanged between these young persons, there was not one word of love, or even sentiment, beyond his expressions of gratitude, which were by means infrequent, and less responsive encouragement and congratulations upon his progress. But sometimes real repartee was to be seen in the lines, understood by the other lived and thought. Singleness of heart, cleanliness of life, bright honesty, tireless energy and purposeful will were so inherently his that they shone in his letters just as goodness, truth, freedom from other attachment and earnest interest in his well-being were apparent to him in what she wrote.

The colonel used to read all their letters—with increasing pleasure as the young man's spelling grew more conventional and his writing plainer, but did not penetrate so deeply into the occult significance they enfolded. He simply noted with satisfaction that Wilbur had done well by investing his first little savings in that piece of ground, which, in the rapid growth of the place, quickly quadrupled its value; that with the proceeds of the sale of it he had bought an interest in a successful manufacturing enterprise; that a new invention of his had turned out profitably, and so on. And as for Eunice's letters, the old man marveled.

In the month of October, after a little more than two years of absence, as he had been designated Colonel Strouders. It was difficult for the old man to recognize in the tall, stalwart, tow-headed young man who presented himself, the tow-headed youth he had rescued from slavery.

"Bless my soul, sir!" he exclaimed. "I sent a man on here, a year ago, with a camera, to steal it, and he succeeded. But although it is more like you, I always valued the other more. I drew that one myself, when you were teaching me. As in handling pen and pencil, you remember, I seemed to have little more control of my fingers than if they had belonged to another man, I hardly succeeded, as you see, in making what would, to any other eyes than mine, seem more than an awkward boy's clumsy endeavor at the outlines of a human face. But as I gazed upon it, you looked out of the scrawl, the tender light of your eyes beamed upon me, your soft, brown hair, in every well remembered curl and wavelet, framed your broad, white brow; your little red mouth opened as if to speak words of kindness and encouragement to me; and I was so happy, gazing into the sweet face, that I cried. Never since I made it has it been out of my possession one waking hour. Every night it was the last thing upon which my eyes closed, bringing me happy dreams of you, and every morning the first object of which my awakening senses were conscious, never failing to inspire me with new strength to endeavor and new courage to hope."

"You—you, never gave me a hint of this," she stammered.

"No, I cannot hint anything. I must wait until my time comes and then speak out, as I do now in telling you, Eunice, I have loved you, adored you, from the first moment my eyes rested upon you, when you seemed an angel so high above me that I could only hope to worship you in secret. Perhaps I might never have had the courage to tell you of my love but for the words your father spoke to me when I was going away. 'Never fear aspiring too high or daring too much.' Eunice, the highest aspiration I entertain is to you, my utmost darling, to ask you—'Will you be my wife?'

"Yes," she said, softly, with her face bent low near his shoulder. "I have hoped for a long time that you would ask me."

Impulsively he seized her in his big, strong arms and hugged and kissed her with enthusiastic rapture.

In the evening, when Eunice had, by intent, left her lover alone with her father, the young man said abruptly to his host:

"Colonel Strouders, I wish to marry your daughter."

"The d-d deuce do you!" ejaculated the old man, starting and staring as if in doubt whether it were possible he could have heard aright.

"Did I understand you correctly—that you wish to marry my daughter?"

"That was clearly what I said, sir."

"Bless my soul and body, sir! I can hardly believe I am not dreaming! Did anybody ever hear of such presumption! The ideal! I trust you have not permitted yourself to speak to her on the subject?"

"I have; and she has consented to become my wife."

"Your wife! I trust, sir, that if you are a professing Christian—as I hope you are—you may never be so tempted to profanity as I feel at this moment. I do not wish to be offensive to you beneath my own roof, sir, but I shall never permit her so far to forget her ancestry and position in society as to marry you."

The Strouders and the Fairfaxes—flows in her veins, and I shall not allow it to be contaminated by an alliance with an oyster-dredger's boy, who does not even know his own parentage. Your idea, sir, is preposterous!"

"You are wrong in assuming that I do not know my parentage. Since I have, thanks to you and your daughter, become capable of thinking and acting for myself, I have traced my family history, and my blood, Colonel Strouders, is as good as yours. And I am no longer the oyster-dredger's boy, but a man who has conquered an enviable position in the world and attained a financial standing as good as your own, I believe. Through my adherence to the advice you gave me—'Never fear aspiring too high or daring too much'—I have become what I am, and present myself to you to day, asking the hand of your daughter."

Crinkleback's Cancé.

(Written for Saturday Night by Peggy Webbing)

The river deep and still,
The maple-tinted hill,
The little willow bush on which we lie,
The puff of heated breeze,
All sweetly whisper these
Are days that only come in a Canadian July.

—E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

I shall never forget Crinkleback's canoe! It was one of those most wonderful and unexpected phenomena of the nineteenth century. We were all surprised at something wonderful from Crinkleback; it is rather strange for me—a girl—to call my Cousin Crinkleback simply "Crinkleback," but I do it because all the outside world does it; in the home circle he is known as "Fred," and he answers to "Crink" or any name you say in a particularly hearty voice! He is fine, energetic, never-to-be-popped down, I'll hit the right nail-on-the-head mechanical genius, with plenty of pluck, the sunniest temper that ever directed a practical head and cunning fingers, and is an indefatigable worker. I believe Crinkleback has attempted everything that can be attempted. In his boyhood he added to his income by carpentering about the house. I have seen the bills myself that he presented to his own mother, with such items as these set forth:

For putting in glass window I broke Saturday... 103.

For making shut what wouldn't... 83.

and so on; all the bills being signed "F. Crinkleback per F. C." And as time advanced he spent all his odd time in endeavoring to perfect numberless inventions; but somehow Crinkleback was always unlucky. I recollect his first great appliance for heating his father's office with a wonderful steam boiler. He slaved at it day and night; his admiring family gave necessary assistance; he put it up himself; he started it triumphantly, left his father at ten o'clock one morning in a delightful sort of Turkish bath, and at four that afternoon the devoted old gentleman was rescued with difficulty from imminent suffocation, and parts of Crinkleback's burst boiler could be found in all quarters of the city! But do you think that daunted him? No indeed; that same evening he commenced to make plans for a child's tricycle to be run (like the heating apparatus) by steam—and he successfully finished the tricycle, too; and it nearly sent his little brother over to the great majority also, but he was very proud of it for all that!

But these two capital inventions were mere trifles compared to the canoe—that was a masterpiece! It was fearfully and wonderfully made; "it was really awfully clever," everybody said, and our Canadian friend, strong, unpolished, generous Harry "Canuck" expressed his approval in the highest slang in his vocabulary! How well I remember his words, although it was two—nearly three—years ago since I heard them, when five of us, the best comrades in the world, were discussing canoeing in a Canadian cabin. It was a glorious afternoon in the beginning of July, the sky an unclouded blue, and the mellow notes of many birds mingled with the rustling of maple and munus of the birch trees to the water's edge, where our canoes were drawn up on the sandy little beach and we five reclined on the bank amongst the grasses and ferns, our shady bays drawn over our eyes and the little whispering breezes just stirring the wild flowers about our heads. In England, by the way, we hear a good deal about Canadian winters, but little of Canadian summers; much of the frost and snow, little of the heat and brilliance; much of the jingle of sleigh bells and dangerous delights of tobogganing, little of the long summer days and the joys of canoeing; such days as we have—Crinkleback and I, Mohawk, Harry "Canuck," and Emanuel the Cambridge man—passed happy hours before Fred invented his own canoe and we were contented to paddle along in the good old way. You see, we might never have a summer all together again. I was only on a visit to Canada for a year, Emanuel the same. Harry Canuck, after a few weeks' holiday, had to rush back to business in the States. Mohawk, our Indian girl, who won't wait for Fred; "You must hurry up, Crinkleback; the summer is getting on, and I rather think you have set yourself a heavy task."

"Let me see," said Mohawk, lying at full length like a true Indian after the hunt and feast—we had just had tea—"it is the 3rd July, and it will take you a month away to make your canoe."

"More!" put in Harry Canuck, finishing the marmalade with a fork and a pocketknife. "Never mind what Mohawk says, you can't work faster than you can. Just my luck, confound you (this last to the pocketknife), which has slipped into the marmalade bottle."

"Yes, I can," said Crinkleback. "I have heaps of time you know, and as I think of it my plan develops itself. The central idea is this—"

"Crink has the floor," muttered Harry. "Order! Order!"

"Is this," continued Crinkleback; "I shall have a strong paddle of red cedar, about seven to eight feet in length. Yes, my dear Mohawk, it must be long; it will be attached to a light wooden wheel, say about half a foot in diameter. Over this wheel will be drawn a cord, also attached to the top of the paddle. This cord passes from the stern to the bow, where it is connected with a small steam boiler—"

"Also useful for cookin'," said Harry Canuck in parenthesis.

"Let me see," said Crinkleback, "where was I?"

"Sitting on the boiler, old man," said Emanuel.

"Yes, the boiler. Well, this boiler, by means of a steam appliance of my own invention, will work the paddle, guided by a small handle held by the man in the bow, who can smoke, read or do anything he pleases, the whole contrivance being at once so simple and so practicable. Do you all follow me?"

"I think our feelings were well expressed by a howl of derision from Flip, Crinkleback's small white terrier."

"It strikes me the animal has hit public opinion. Crinkleback. I should say it could not be done—it's scarcely possible. Great Scott! It's so new fangled, you know!" said Emanuel, protesting against anything now like a staunch Briton, in the true tone (it is not an accent, much less a twang) it is a tone that all English University men possess.

"You can try, Fred. I don't like the notion of a steam paddle myself on our little river, but still I won't go back on the White Man's invention," said Mohawk graciously.

"Do try, Fred," I exclaimed. "It must be all right on smooth water, and as for the rapids—well, you can always wade, you know!"

"Oh! it's grand scheme!" continued Mohawk. "You can carry all the kit when we go camping and all the baskets, but what about portaging—couldn't your cute little boiler do that too?"

Here Flip interrupted by barking at Harry Canuck.

"Don't throw birch bark at him, Harry, please!" I protested. "Pretty fellow! poor dog!"

"Oh, mamma!" said Harry, "Crink's dog pretty! That's a trifl tough, my dear little girl. You take care to keep your dog away from your canoe, old boy, or he'll stop the boiler."

"Look!" said Crinkleback, rapidly making sketches in his note-book. "Here's a design for the paddle—see! Here we have the small fir, boiler, and reserve coal supply—"

"Looks like a soup tureen, doesn't it?" said

Emanuel. "Won't it draw too much water and be fearfully heavy?"

"I think not," replied Crinkleback. "Just consider the rate at which we shall be able to travel!"

"The City of Paris won't be in it," said Harry; "it's a great scheme, if the rotten old machine doesn't blow up!"

"No fear of that," said Crinkleback, the evening sun light and the enthusiasm together making his honest tanned face quite handsome. "No fear of that. You have your steam apparatus perfectly under control, you hold the handle, the paddle moves at the desired rate, you steer by means of another cord (only necessary now and then) that shifts the wheel above the handle; you clear the waters evenly and firmly, without stopping, you simply slacken your cord, turn off your steam, and dart ashore! Imagine the ease, the comfort, the saving of labor; it's grand to contemplate. I shall sell the patent for America and the Old Country; by Jove, I shall, and leave the bank!"

We all cheered and clapped our hands; then we packed our baskets while the boys were preparing the canoes for our homeward trip. Mohawk and I stood on the bank looking out over the river to the quietly stirring maples, black against the glowing warmth of the sky. Then we were ready, and we paddled away in the stillness, while the gay voices of the others came back faintly to Emanuel and me as we glided slowly through the water listening to the myriad insects, watching the sparkle of fire-flies on the bank, and talking of something even more entralling—even more delightful than Crinkleback's canoe. Oh, happy Canadian days! I float back to them once again. I see in the widening circle of the dropping water a glory spread about me and I see in Emanuel's eyes, as we drift along, a look that is more than words—quietly, joyously as we drift along towards the brightness of the evening sun!

"Where is Crinkleback? That's the question. Where is Crinkleback?"

It was the end of August, deepest blue was in the water and the sky, and we four were all together in the boughs again for an after-run on the river. Harry "Canuck" whistling, after Mohawk packing our lunch baskets with great care and the Cambridge man and I on the look out for my mechanical genius of a cousin.

"He must have been made manager of the bank, and gone to Europe," said Emanuel.

"Is that so?" said Harry. "Well, I guess he failed to accomplish his wonderful canoe."

"Oh, no!" broke in Mohawk's musical voice. "Crinkleback and Flip are coming now—only look!" Yes, along came Crinkleback driving accompanied by a friend to take the buggy back, with Flip rushing like a mad dog behind, and very little of his master to be seen behind an enormous paddle, yards of cord on his knees, the boiler and "the small supply of coal" between his feet.

"Here I am!" shouted Crinkleback. "How are you all? Everything finished—it's a grand success—set the paddle working over a chair last night—it's under perfect control—wonderful! Here. Emanuel, take the boiler—mind the dog! Give us a hand, Harry, there's a good fellow," then Crinkleback and all his apparatus tumbled out of the buggy at once. He refused any help, carrying everything himself, while Flip capered about, then launched our canoes and paddled a little way out to give Crinkleback plenty of room to start. First he got his boat in the water, then Flip had to be hauled out of it by the scruff of his neck, then Crinkleback got himself tangled up in the cords, then he had to light his little fire, burn his fingers and execute a sort of war dance round the boat house.

"Poor fellow!" Mohawk cried.

"Galoot!" Harry exclaimed.

"Oh! I'm tired of waiting," said Emanuel. "I propose that we go on, while you two wait for Fred."

"No," said Harry. "I guess we'll all go on. Say! Crink, we're going on old man, good-bye. See you at the usual place for tea when you've got your machinery in order. And we paddled off, Mohawk leading Emanuel and I as usual lingering behind until we reached "the usual place," where our former discussion on the steam-propelled canoe had been held, and we all landed, ran up the bank, unpacked our baskets and rested beneath the grand old maples a slight change of color in their leaves now, and the ground bright with patches of golden rod. It was delicious. Mohawk with her scarlet tam o' shanter pulled over her brows, reclined gracefully, Emanuel threw himself at my feet, and I rested against a birch tree, closed my eyes, and soon fell from a reverie into a dream. Suddenly I awakened with a start, we all sprang forward, for Harry's excited voice came ringing up from the little yellow beach below.

"Say! Mohawk! Emanuel! All of you! Come down, come down! Here's Crinkleback coming along like an express train, by gun! here's Crinkleback!"

Mohawk was already by his side. Emanuel gave me his hand, we scrambled down the bank as quickly as we could, and eagerly looked along the river, where Harry pointed to a dark object almost hidden by spray that was simply tearing along—yes, it was Crinkleback, we could see him plainly sitting in the bow, hanging on to the cord with both hands, his dog yelping and barking between the middle thwarts, steam issuing from his boiler in clouds, and his gigantic paddle ploughing the water like the screw of an Atlantic liner!

"He said it would be under perfect control, I know it isn't," said Emanuel excitedly.

"Poor old Fred!" cried Mohawk. "Oh, how he'll be smashed to pieces!" I cried. "I know he will—oh, and the dog too!"

Nearer and nearer came the canoe, splashing and bumping, the stern quite out of the water, and Crinkleback yelled to us from the bow. "It's grand, but it won't stop!"

"You'll be killed, Crinkleback!" we all shouted back. "Jump, Crinkleback!" and the whole river rang to the words. "Jump, Crinkleback!" There was a pause, a splash, an explosion, and Crinkleback jumped!

We saw him five minutes after, calmly sitting in the shallow water, with rather a faint smile on his countenance, and the wonderful canoe, boiler and all, had reached the land a long way up the river, and we saw the paddle still paddling it on, with increasing speed and steadily splashing, till far, far away, it disappeared from our straining eyes!

Three years ago! Three long years since our exciting Canadian summer, we have often talked of that afternoon, Emanuel and I, and only yesterday when I was sitting at my desk thinking affectionately of the dark-haired Mohawk, Harry Canuck and Cousin Fred, my husband came up behind my chair and looked through my manuscript, laughing at every mention of himself, then gave me a letter with the words: "This is a sequel to your little story."

"What is it, Emanuel?"

"Read it, my dear girl; read it and I rather think you will see!"

It was dated from Canada and I knew the writing well. It was a letter from Crinkleback, rather blotched, full of telegrams and showing our opinion of a capital invention he had in mind involving as in former days, a great deal of hard labor and steam power!

"Emanuel," the letter ended, "do you remember my canoe? Do you remember yours truly sitting with dignity in the middle of the river? Well, my very last holidays I spent at the old place, and Mohawk and I had many a jolly paddle with Harry Canuck, and we often spoke of you and my fair cousin lingering behind—of course you remember that! And one day, will you believe me, we made a discovery that positively thrilled us all! It was a long way up the river; farther than you ever ventured. We were drifting along when Mohawk saw something among the reeds, almost hidden by a great bed of golden-rod and tangled grasses. We went ashore; we

aimed the thing. What could it be? Heavy, boat-shaped, battered by wind and weather, and attached to one side by a wonderful entanglement of cords a long oar-shaped piece of wood! It's a flying machine," said Mohawk.

"Crink," said Harry Canuck, "just look at this!" And there, held fast by the cords of the machine, was a skele-ton of a small animal of the canine species. There, you didn't bring it away, we left it, my boy, as a lasting memento of something that might have revolutionized the boating of the world. At least, the next morning I fetched the boiler—a boiler which may come in handy to me any day.

Farewell, Emanuel, my dear old Cambridge man, don't forget your ever devoted,

CRINKLEBACK, OR HIS CANOE.

WESTERN ASSURANCE CO.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Forty-first annual meeting of the shareholders of the above Company was held at its offices in this city at noon, Thursday, Feb. 25.

Mr. A. M. Smith, President, occupied the chair and Mr. J. J. Kenny, Managing Director, was appointed to act as secretary to the meeting.

The Secretary read the following

ANNUAL REPORT.

The Directors beg to submit herewith their Annual Report, showing the transactions of the Company for the past year, together with a statement of its Assets and Liabilities on Dec. 31 last.

The Premium Income, it will be observed, was \$1,754,225.25, after deducting the amount paid for re-insurance; and the receipts for interest on investments \$43,732.8.

Although no serious configurations have occurred during the year fire losses, both in Canada and the United States, have been unusually numerous and severe, bringing the ratio of losses to premiums considerably above the average of ordinary year.

In the Marine Branch the volume of business has been somewhat less than in 1890, but the year's transactions have resulted more satisfactorily.

While the profit balance of \$40,120.67 is much less than that shown in the preceding annual balance sheet your directors feel that in view of the unfavorable results of the fire business for the year 1891 to companies generally, there is cause for congratulation in the fact that the excess of income over expenditure with the balance at the credit of profit and loss account, enabled them to pay two half yearly dividends at the rate of ten per cent, per annum upon the paid up capital without drawing upon the Company's ample reserve fund of \$900,000. The amount estimated as necessary to reinstate or run off all existing risks is \$578,654.19. Deducting this from the total surplus funds of the Company a net surplus of \$325,527.17 is shown over capital and all other liabilities.

An important result from the generally adverse experiences in fire underwriting for the year 1891 has been the withdrawal of a number of companies from the business. The risks of these retiring companies have been assumed by other and stronger companies, so that in no case have the policy holders been sufferers, while the terms on which the business has been taken over have in most instances been such as will permit the winding up of the companies without loss to stockholders.

The natural effect of these withdrawals will be the concentration of the business among a smaller number of offices, and concerted action where necessary to place it upon a more satisfactory basis. These movements, with a return to a normal loss ratio, which may be reasonably looked for, must eventually result favorably to the companies remaining in the field.

Statement of Business for the Year Ending Dec. 31, 1891.

REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Fire premiums.....	\$1,614,109.97
Marine premiums.....	607,970.31
	\$2,022,080.58
Less re-assurances.....	267,818.03
	\$1,754,225.25
Interest account.....	43,732.8
	\$1,797,955.03

Fire losses including an appropriation for all losses reported to Dec. 31, 1891..... \$45,655.10

Marine losses, including an appropriation for all losses reported to Dec. 31, 1891..... 340,757.97

General expenses, agents' commissions, etc..... 571,400.79

Balance to profit and loss..... 40,120.67

\$1,797,955.03

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

Dividend No. 60.....	\$25,000.00
Dividend No. 61.....	25,00

Music.



BE church choirs seem to have been working an anxiety Lenten

activity these days, judging by the number of choir concerts given lately. Prominent among these was the excellent service offered by the choir of the Jarvis street Baptist church under the direction of Mr. A. S. Vogt, on

Friday evening of last week. Mr. Vogt has taken great pains with his choir, and has now the satisfaction of finding himself surrounded by one of the best choruses in the city. He makes a specialty of unaccompanied singing, and has been very successful with it. The soloists at this service were Miss Morell, Messrs. Lye, Fletcher and Davies.

On Tuesday evening, the choir of the Church of the Redeemer marked the last day before Lent by holding its thirtieth Service of Song, which was largely attended. The choir was in good shape, though a little weak in tenors, and sang excellently. The soloists, Mrs. A. Huycke Garratt, Miss Jardine-Thomson and Miss Gaylord were most acceptable in their efforts, and Messrs. G. Dinell and J. W. F. Harrison rendered able assistance at the organ. On Thursday evening of this week an excellent programme of sacred music was rendered at the Carlton street Methodist church.

The lull in musical matters which began some ten days before Lent, seems to show signs of continuance for some little time, although one or two events are raising their heads and looming up in the future. Mme. Albani and Vladimir de Pachmann are announced by Messrs. Suckling to give a concert on Monday, April 11, while the Philharmonic Society will probably give its concerts about the end of April. Next week the Canadian Order of Foresters gives its annual concert with a good array of talent.

Mr. W. E. Fairclough will give the sixth of his organ recitals this afternoon at All Saints' Church, assisted by Miss Ella Patterson and Mr. Percy W. Mitchell.

Poor Cellier was called off just as he had about completed a work that would have, I think, brought him more fame than did Dorothy. He had an opportunity for great things in his collaboration with W. S. Gilbert in The Mountebanks, and has made some fine hits in that work. Messrs. Suckling have sent me two songs from the opera, one of which, Whistling Breezes, is a little gem; the other, High Jerry Ho, is a rollicking bandits' song in good style. What may be called a topical duett, Put a Penny in the Slot, should be a success everywhere.

METRONOME.

When Lights Are Low.

HAT "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip" has been proved over and over again, and we suppose will be till the crack of doom. The near grasp of a fortune, the lasting love of a maid, or the acquisition of a wife: in these, and a hundred others, comes the slip that loses all. The following incident, a chapter from everyday life, not only exemplifies the truth of the above-quoted proverb, but inculcates another which is as old as the prophets—namely, "Woo boldly, if you woo at all." We will refer to the prophet (Agur, by name) later on.

A lady, a well known hostess in London society, inaugurated a custom, copied from the United States, of giving theater parties. Naturally they were small and select, and therefore much sought after. One particular evening, cards had been sent out for a theater party at one of the Strand theaters, and two boxes had been secured.

The hostess, her daughter, a charming girl with a demure face, a rosebud mouth, and eyes of the blue-eyed wonder kind, occupied the box nearest the stage. With them were a host of attendant cavaliers, and last—but by no means least—moreover, seated next to the pretty daughter, was a certain gentleman, well known on the Stock Exchange. Seeing that the pretty girl and the Stock Exchange individual were engaged to be married, his seat next to her was his by right. This engagement, however, having but lately happened, was not generally known, and the good-looking Johnnies who clustered behind the ladies may not have known of it. Directly behind Miss Rosebud sat the youngest and handsomest of them all.

Now, at this particular theater occurred a scene, during which enactment some transposition of the scenery, incidental upon a bogie-man making an effective appearance, was deemed necessary. The lights were turned down gradually, lower and lower, until at last the crowded theater was plunged, for the space of ten or twelve seconds, into the blackness of an Egyptian night. No sooner had this blessed darkness been brought about, than Stock Exchange thought to himself, "Now is the accepted time to reach over and telegraph a tender message to my sweetheart." Quick as thought, or rather as he thought, he laid his hand in the dainty maid's lap, expecting that hers would be there to meet it with a tender clasp.

It is impossible in cold printer's ink to convey at once a touch of burning anger and a sensation of frozen horror. However, his manly palm descended over another manly hand, a large and vigorous one, already grasping hers. And then the darkness gave place to the first breath of dawn—electric dawn—and the lights flashed once more upon the theater crowded with smiling humanity, who settled their skirts and flirted their fans, while the stiff-necked, immaculately collared and white-tied men peered—well, "peered" is not the word—ranging round and swept the place and the little corners with their opera-glasses. Men often do this after a dark scene—it is just a nervous way they have. To revert to the stage-box and the incident we know, the brilliant light revealed to the casual observer a young lady in close and earnest conversation with her mamma.

Alas! poor mothers! The trials that they have to undergo, when not even the most ingenious and wire-safeguard precautions can shield their ducklings from the "little foxes that nibble at the vines," as one of the humorists old prophets puts it—not Jeremiah, of course—however, he said the same thing another way. Agur we refer to later.

The young lady's conversation with her mamma proved to be quite a lengthy one, and when, at last, her fair young face was turned toward her lover of the Stock Exchange persuasion, the sweet serenity that rested upon it and shone in her beautiful eyes was lovely to contemplate. No society belle of four seasons could have looked so serenely and tenderly unconscious of the baffled anger on Stock Exchange's brow: not the slightest tinge of nervousness was to be observed in the measured beat of her feathered fan.

And so the play ended, the curtain came down on the lively legs and playful sallies of the last act, and the theater party went home to Kensington and supper.

What took place when Stock Exchange at last found himself alone with his fiancee must for ever remain a matter of conjecture, but the engagement was off.

Such things have occurred before.

The moral of the incident is this: A woman adores an audacious love-maker. It is a homage to her charms for one thing, and it masters her for another, and thereby holds her spell-bound. The city man may have been remarkably clever and cool and courageous on the Stock Exchange, but he did not come up to that graceless Johnnie in his knowledge of a woman's heart.

What Agur, the son of Jakeh, said in a chapter of Proverbs was this:

"There be three things which are too wonderful for me, yea, four which I know not: The way of an eagle in the air; the way of a serpent upon a rock; the way of a ship in the midst of the sea; and the way of a man with a maid."

It would appear from this that Agur knew something, though it is more than probable, having had a wider experience, that Solomon could have given him points.

Of the Same Opinion Still.



O'Rourke—It's a long time since Ol've seen yez, Moike. It's all av tin years. An'do yez remmber th' widow O'Connor an' th' beautiful scrimmige we hd th' night yez called me a liar?

McFluke—Shure Ol do thot same, an' divel a bit hov yez changed durin' th' toime.

An Advantage.

Employer—You are having a decided flirtation with the girl who has charge of our telephone wire!

Truthful Clerk (with cold chills running up and down his spine, and with visions of instant discharge)—Y-e-s, sir; but, please, sir—

Employer—Well, keep it up. She will give more attention to our calls, if you do.

Anything to Oblige.

Hostess—Are you fond of Kipling? Mr. Gaines (of Chicago)—Never played it; but I just an' soon make a hand as not—I suppose I could pick it up easy enough!

Very Dry.

"The life of a prohibitionist," said Mawson, "is more arid than the desert of Sahara. There isn't an oasis in the whole blooming thing."

The Music of Nature.

The bass of thunder is considerably lower than the lowest sound produced in an orchestra—below the zero of music, we may call it, at which all positive apprehension of musical sound ceases and our senses are merely conscious of a roar. In observing the music of thunder, our attention, however, may be most profitably directed to the expression rather than to the notes. The musical diminuendo is more perfectly represented by a hand than by any other form of art in nature. After the first clap is over, the ear will pursue with pleasure the rolling away and gradual fainting of the peal, until at immeasurable distance it sinks into silence.

The melody of rain dancing on the stones, or pelting down in its first drops on the dry soil of a forest or a heath, is a species of sound which the art of music has yet to imitate, if it would complete its at present very incomplete list of instruments. The Mexicans had some rattles made of very peculiar clay, with pipes inside, which were intended to represent this sound. Certain tribes of the North American Indians have been similarly fascinated by the loud clash of water, to the beauty of which we have alluded before. They have instruments constructed accordingly with a few to reproduce this sound. Large buffalo hides are filled with water and sewn up in the manner of wine-bags. Drumsicks of cork, or with their heads covered by a very fine gum, are wielded by the player, and the gentle and monotonous clash of water is produced by the drumstick

striking softly on the skin. The natives will sit and listen to these instruments for hours. Certain tribes on the Amazon have in a similar way been fascinated by the music of the water-fall. Musical instruments were found in use among them consisting of a complicated mechanism by which water was poured from one bowl into another. In imitation of the cascade, and then returned by the receiving-bowl into the vessel which had poured it: so that by a repetition of this mechanism a constant murmur of a cascade could be kept up so long as the audience desired or the player was able to perform it.—*Good Words.*

A Book for Sportsmen and Athletes.

Among the many business enterprises of this city is one that interests a large portion of the people, both male and female, in every class of society and the various stages of life. The Messrs. H. P. Davies & Co., 31 Yonge street, are manufacturers and extensive importers. They have earned a reputation throughout Canada for the high quality of their goods and their increasing efforts in improving the articles used in sports and pastimes. This firm has just published an eighty-page illustrated catalogue, which should be in the hands of everyone interested in any class of sport, as it is a complete guide for the purchase of bicycle, gun, fishing tackle, athletic and gymnasium supplies.

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The Food Quality, and the ALICE cannot be surpassed.

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GRAND NATIONAL Hack and Coupe

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)
Richard Cassels, & Mrs. Falconbridge, Mrs. Charles Lindsay, Mrs. Leonard Leigh, Mrs. McMahon, Mrs. James O'Brien and Mrs. J. K. McDonald.

The last week of merry-making before Lent is always a busy one, and the week just past has proved no exception. On Thursday afternoon a number of teas were given. Mrs. Stanley Clark gave a charming one, which attracted a number of fashionable people, among whom I noticed the Misses Morgan, the Misses Arthur, the Misses Todd, Mrs. Brough, Mrs. Pyke and many others. Mrs. Charles Ritchie gave a like function at her residence, Avenue road, on the same afternoon. A number of her lady friends accepted her delightful hospitality. Mrs. Ross Robertson also invited her friends to afternoon tea, and quite a number responded to her invitation. I had scarcely time to more than look in, but I found a lovely breathing place in the cool, dimly lit and fragrant dining-room, where a shaded lamp shone over clumps of hyacinths, ferns and all sorts of pretty things in the floral way. Refreshments were served in the library upstairs, where a large number of friends exchanged ideas and waited on each other. Mrs. Robertson's exquisite tea gown of Japanese embroidery on pale blue silk and cream crepe de chine was much admired by many a connoisseur in beautiful things.

Mrs. Merritt gave a theater party last week to see the play of Geoffrey Middleton, Gentleman.

Mrs. Columbus Gresco gave a small tea at her residence, St. George street, last Tuesday.

Mrs. Fairclough gave a very pleasant tea on Monday last.

Mrs. Wickham also received her friends at a tea on Thursday last.

Mr. and Mrs. James Grace are proving themselves most charming hosts since they have removed to No. 3 Graue avenue.

The Misses Howland of St. George street gave a delightful tea recently.

At Mrs. Aylesworth's tea I admired little Miss Birwick in her pretty white silk frock.

Baron and Baroness Von Turckheim passed through Toronto on their way east last week. After a month's honeymoon they will sail for England, where they will reside for the future. Both the Baron and Baroness are connubious in Toronto society.

Mrs. Irving Walker and family sailed last Wednesday from New York to Liverpool per one of the fine Inman line steamers. They will be away about six months, and intend making an extensive tour through Great Britain and Ireland.

One of the most enjoyable evenings of the season was the occasion of the social gathering of the members of the Harmony Club, who participated in the recent performance of the Baggar Student, at a dance at the club rooms on Wednesday evening, February 24. The large hall was tastefully decorated with flags, etc., whilst the adjoining room was beautifully furnished as a reception room. Webb supplied refreshments during the evening. An orchestra discoursed perfect music, many of the selections being from the Baggar Student. The dancing of the Mazurka from the opera was the feature of the evening. The chaperones were Mrs. James Crowther, Mrs. E. H. Duggan, Mrs. A. G. Foy, Mrs. George Dunstan. Committee—Messrs. Harry Hay, J. H. Coburn, George Kerr, J. F. Edgar and W. M. Fahey, Secretary. The

(Continued on Page Twelve.)

ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY

Horticultural Pavilion, Monday, April 11

Messrs. I. Suckling & Sons have the honor to announce

ONE GRAND CONCERT

By the World-renowned Prima Donna

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Lecture in French

BY Prof. GEO. COUTELLIER

Thursday, March 10, at 8 p.m.

Y. M. C. A. (Cor. Yonge and McGill)

SUBJECT—Comparaison entre l'éducation des hommes et des femmes en France et en Amérique.

Auditorium, 22 Grand

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